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TUESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1904.

The Decisive Battle.

In the early part of 1895 the Japanese cornered the Chinese forces at Hai-Cheng, where now the southern division of General Kuropatkin's army is fighting for the salvation of the main Russian army. The result of that meeting in 1895 was the quick instigation of peace proceedings by China, and the consequent conclusion of the war.

Previous to this decisive action, Japan had captured Port Arthur and defeated the Chinese fleet at the mouth of the Yalu River. In these two particulars only does the present situation differ from that of 1895. Russia is still in possession of Port Arthur, though the garrison there is completely cut off both on land and sea, and the Russian war vessels are still causing Japan a great deal of worrying on the sea.

At present the southern division of the Russian army centered at Hai-Cheng is engaged in a desperate struggle to hold the Japanese in check while Kuropatkin can retreat from Liao-Yang northward to his secondary bases at Mukden and Harbin. After the battle of July 23, 24, and 25, which resulted in the capture by the Japanese of Tatsienkiao, south of Hai-Cheng, General Kuropatkin placed some 100,000 men under Generals Zaroubaleff and Stakelberg at Hai-Cheng. To prevent the union of the Japanese forces under Generals Oku and Nodzu, the Russian left wing was established at Simou-Cheng, some fifteen miles east of Hai-Cheng. General Kuropatkin has about 90,000 men under him at Liao-Yang, while 30,000 more are engaged in guarding the railroad between Hai-Cheng and Liao-Yang.

Opposed to this Russian force of some 220,000 are 300,000 Japanese, under General Kuroki on the north and Generals Oku and Nodzu on the south. Thus Japan has a decided advantage in numbers. The Russians partially nullify this by having possession of the railroad, although the necessity of guarding this involves an embarrassing responsibility.

Just at present the Japanese are threatening Kuropatkin's retreat north, while delivering a heavy blow on the southern army at Hai-Cheng. The main point of the southern attack is the Russian left at Simou-Cheng, and it is even reported that the Japanese have succeeded in capturing this important place, thereby cutting off General Stakelberg and threatening the Russian communications between Hai-Cheng and Liao-Yang. Meanwhile, Kuroki is by no means inactive on the north, as the report of his occupancy of Yushuliku and Ven-Suling, some twenty-five miles east and southeast of Liao-Yang, shows.

With Kuropatkin, therefore, the problem is this: To stave off a battle with the superior forces of the Japanese and escape north to Mukden with his troops. To accomplish this retreat over the single line of railroad is, indeed, a difficult task, and if he succeeds in proving himself master of the situation, he will earn the right to consideration as one of the big generals of modern times.

Consideration Extreme.

Some kind person writes to a Philadelphia paper suggesting that to be truly considerate of our fellow-beings we should all, when we go into restaurants, select seats near the kitchen, so that the waiters will not have to travel so far with the orders. There may be some ulterior meaning in this. Perhaps if the dining-rooms were very large the guest would be rewarded for his thoughtfulness by getting his food hot when it ought to be hot, and cold when it ought to be cold; but most dining-rooms are not big enough to make these extreme measures necessary. In anything short of an actual desert waste a competent waiter can serve a guest with food fit to eat, no matter where he happens to sit.

We will assume, then, that this suggestion emanates from the pure milk of human kindness. Conscience-stricken, we consider whether the average public is not neglectful of other duties, unperceived as yet, toward the fellow-man. Would it not be well to take off our shoes and don slippers when entering the office building, so as to make less work for the janitor?

It would also be an accommodation to that individual if every employee were to carry waste paper out of the building in his pockets and deposit the same in the waste paper boxes instead of using the waste baskets.
And then, there is the clerk in the postoffice. Why should not we buy \$5 worth of stamps at a time, so as to save the trouble of making change every time we have a few letters to mail? Why, there are no end of ways in which a little thoughtfulness would grease the wheels of existence.
Let us consider this matter in a spirit of frivolity.

Ghosts From the Past.

With characteristic ingenuity the Democratic campaign managers are said to have gone over everything that President Roosevelt has ever written since he was a schoolboy theorizer just out of Harvard College, in search of inconsistencies which could be quoted against him during the campaign.

The President has been quite active in putting pen to paper, and the intelligence that many quotations of a superficially embarrassing nature have been found in his writings is not surprising. Every man in his day plays many parts, and the youngster who begins authorship at an early age is sure to say things that are quite diametrically opposed to the carefully formulated opinions of his responsible later years.

Gladstone, the great English statesman, was continually charged with inconsistency, because he was so constantly alive to the progress of events and so free in changing his policies and theories of government to accord with them. In this he differed from the weak men of his time, who, knowing in a blind way that they were weak, feared to differ with themselves lest the fact that they lacked both strength and conviction be revealed to the world.

Regardless of what the small-minded man, who habitually confounds obstinacy with firmness and bigotry with conviction, may think, it is rather to the credit than to the discredit of President Roosevelt that he thinks differently upon important matters of public policy now than he did when he left college. It shows that he is able to do what few people can do—namely, think for himself. His college-formed theories were in reality not his own. They were influenced, if not actually formulated, by the professors under whom he studied.

If, after an examination of the writings of a quarter of a century, the Democratic campaigners had been able to find nothing in President Roosevelt's work that disagreed with his utterances of today, then they would have had a really vital argument. This evidence of lack of progress would have proved the President to be a man of narrow, bigoted prejudices, whose opinions, once formed, were eternally formed, a man of limited mental horizon, whom no argument could convince nor any new alignment of conditions change.

The Strike in Fall River.

The Fall River strike is said to be the most peaceable in history, large numbers of the French Canadian operators having simply taken the opportunity to spend the summer in Canada. This is comfortable for the people of Fall River, at any rate.

The strike is somewhat significant as evidence of the increasing difficulty which manufacturers in New England are finding in meeting the competition of the Southern factories. This competition will turn out either a blessing in disguise or a curse to New England. Either the Northern operators will have to come down to conditions of living which will enable them to accept the wages of the "poor whites" of the South, or they will be out of work altogether, or the manufacturing interest will assume a different form. It is to be hoped that the last mentioned change will take place.

The higher cost of living in the North would make it necessary for the operators there to be mere wage slaves if they were paid the same price as those of the South. On the other hand, there are at present thousands of operatives and mechanics in that section who could readily turn their hands to some form of intelligent skilled labor, were there any product for it. The growing demand for "art goods" may set some shrewd manufacturer to making them in New England, where he can get not only intelligent skilled labor, but among the farmers and mechanics individual talent, initiative and originality. There is a good deal of intelligence going to waste up there in factories which produce merely cheap goods.

Turn About Is Fair Play.

Through a technicality which seems likely to nullify the just action of the law, it is expected that the officials of the Knickerbocker Steamboat Company, indicted for aiding and abetting manslaughter in connection with the loss of one thousand lives on the steamer General Slocum, will escape punishment.

It is obvious that the sole strength of the law lies in the effectiveness of its justice, and the impartiality of its administration. If a crowd of New York citizens, representing the out-

raged public sentiment of their city, should play the part of the famous Boston Tea Party and destroy the vessels belonging to the Knickerbocker Steamboat Company, how loud would be the cries of the officers of that company for the protection afforded by the law! They would call upon the police of the city—and if they did not serve, the militia of the State—to uphold the majesty of the law.

Yet what right have men of that stamp to expect the law's protection? How have they themselves upheld the majesty of the law? What sort of an example of law-abiding, law-respecting conduct have they given their fellow-citizens? Did they obey the laws for public protection in equipping their steamboats? Did they not willfully evade those laws for the sake of a miserable financial profit?

Individual honor should be so strong that the violation of the spirit of the law, though not a technical violation of the law, should be considered a disgraceful thing. It is a sad fact that the individual honor of many American citizens is so blinded by the love of money, or the desire for power which money is generally believed to bring, that the only disgrace attached to breaking the law consists in being found out.

Points in Paragraphs.

Sometimes the gas meter shows signs of having been regulated, like the poetic meter, by imagination.

Dowie has undertaken to regulate courtships in Zion City. His finish is visible just around the corner.

There is to be a telephone exchange in St. Petersburg. Cannot the telephone fast enough in transmitting the war news?

The local theatrical musicians, who threaten to strike should remember that a musician's business is promoting harmony.

The Tombs is said to be an attractive summer resort, which is a report calculated to encourage crime among hotel guests.

Music is said to banish mosquitoes. Mosquitoes would banish music if it existed in sufficient quantities upon the musician.

Scientists are now studying the energy of radium. Even inanimate metals are apt to turn strenuous on our hands in these days.

Candidate Fairbanks has taken to felling trees as a recreation. It is now time for Candidate Davis to do stunts on a trapeze in his barn.

A despairing London writer says the British nation is "clogged with prudice." Complimentary diagnosis: It might have been liver.

Judge Parker may be silent, but it is dollars to doughnuts that nobody can prevent Mr. Davis's barrel from talking when it is good and ready.

A New York couple wished to be quietly married so they resorted to an undertaker's shop. They should have tried Washington in midsummer.

Up to date no National Guardsmen have been reported as drowned at Harpers Ferry in last night's downpour. Sorrow did not dare so well, however.

The navy has been given charge of the coastwise wireless telegraph stations. This is a step which should meet the thorough approval of Mr. Bryan, engaged in Government ownership propaganda for the benefit of his dear friend, Judge Parker.

Some of these people who are partial to noise might get up a squawking contest between a graphophone and an automobile horn, only, in that case, it would only be fair to warn the neighbors, so that they could spend the day on the other side of the county.

It is stated that, if the evidence collected by the Department of Justice, tending to show that the meat trust has violated Judge Grosscup's injunction is strong enough, the Government will institute proceedings charging contempt of court. This is all right, but it is difficult to see why the Government could do under those conditions. The exigencies of a campaign have nothing to do with the impartial administration of the law.

MOSS ON THE BARD.

A has the adolescent bards and this insipid gush
Or "Whenny" rhymes—"When Susan sings." "When mother stirs the mush."

"When Mollie puts the kettle on,"
"When father counts the cash,"
"When uncle plays the violin," "When Nellie chops the hash,"

"When Jennie wields the scrubbing brush," "When Mary draws the tea."

"When Sallie goes to singing school,"
"When Flossie smiles at me,"
And I might cite an endless list of "Whenny" rhymes to show

That you merely have to start them and then sit and watch them go.
Oh, verses flow so smoothly if you get the "Whenny" knack.

"When auntie pares her bunions" and
"When uncle sprains his back;"
The field is very fertile and you're never at a loss.

"When grandpa hunts his slippers" and
"When Sallie drives the boss."
You merely set it going thus: "When father splits his vest"

The nature of the thing is plain:
Alas! the "Whenny" habit! 'Tis a vice that you should dread.

You wake at night and write them on your pillow in the bed.

The meter is so tempting and there is so much to say:

"When mother grabs the poker" and
"When Amos mows the hay,"
"When the brine is on the bacon,"
"When the pork is in the pot,"

Alas! You're in the clutches of the "Whenny" juggernaut.

You merely lay the pattern down and cut your goods to fit:

"When Ezekiah whittles" or "When grandma starts to knit,"
"When Jonas jakes the hostler" and
"When Tommy taps the till,"

"When poets cease from 'whennings'"—but I fear they never will.

—J. W. Foley, in New York Times.

IN SOCIETY'S CIRCLE

AMBASSADOR TOWER IN ATLANTIC CITY

Will Reside in Cottage on Pacific Avenue.

PERRINES AT GRAY GABLES

Prominent Army and Navy Officers Spending Summer at Richfield Springs—Social Gossip.

Atlantic City will have another distinguished diplomat as a summer guest. Charlemagne Tower, of Philadelphia, ambassador to Germany, has taken a cottage in Pacific Avenue, near Brighton Avenue, for the rest of the summer, and will soon take possession.

The location of the cottage is a delightful one, being in Chelsea, and near the ocean, and the Italian ambassador and his family will be very comfortable.

Mrs. Tower has always been fond of Atlantic City, and spends much time there when in this country.

Mrs. Gorman, wife of the Maryland Senator, returned to her home at Laurel, Md., yesterday, after a week's visit to Atlantic City.

The second of a series of Monday evening dances was given at the swimming Club, Bar Harbor, last night, and, like the first given a week ago, was a lively and brilliant affair.

The dance was preceded by a number of dinner parties, among the guests being Mrs. Charles J. Bell and the Misses Bell, of this city.

M. B. Gurley, who is spending the summer at Nantucket, Mass., won the medal last night in the eighteen-hole handicap match on the Nantucket Golf course.

Mrs. Le B. Loring Rusk is entertaining at her summer home at West Chop, Mass., Capt. and Mrs. Charles W. Wiley, U. S. Army, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Bailey, U. S. A.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Perrine, the latter formerly Mrs. Folsom, mother of Mrs. Grover Cleveland, are at the Cleveland summer home, Gray Gables, Buzzards Bay, where they will spend the rest of the summer.

The Postmaster General and Mrs. Payne will visit this month, when Mr. Cleveland will try his luck shooting shore birds in the marshes.

Among the prominent army and navy people stopping at Richfield Springs, are Rear Admiral Elmore Ide, Gen. D. L. Macgregor, and Brig. Gen. Charles Egan, while Gen. Joseph Wheeler and Rear Admiral Stirling, now on the New Orleans, are expected soon.

Col. Franklin Bartlett, former Representative to Congress from the Wall Street district, in New York, and leader of the annual assembly ball in that city, is at Manhattan Beach with Mrs. Bartlett, and together they entertained Admiral and Mrs. Dewey at dinner last week, the party afterward occupying a box at the Manhattan Beach Theater.

Admiral and Mrs. Hinchborn, the former chief naval constructor, and their daughter, Mrs. James G. Blaine, are at the Regent Hotel, New London, Conn., for the season.

MISS JONES GOES TO MILWAUKEE

Miss Louise Jones, niece of Postmaster General and Mrs. Payne, who accompanied them on their New England outing and returned to Washington with them, has gone to her home at Milwaukee to remain until late in the fall.

The Postmaster General and Mrs. Payne have no plan for the immediate future, and are comfortably ensconced in their apartments at the Arlington.

Mrs. Payne drives out every day.

DOMINICK MURPHY CALLS ON PRESIDENT

Dominick Murphy, secretary of the Panama Canal Commission, called at the White House this morning to pay his respects to the President and discuss with him matters of Irishman policy. He deplored the idea that there would be any trouble growing out of the establishment of a customs port near the city of Panama.

The establishment of this port, by direction of the commission, was made the subject of an official protest to the State Department by Senator Obidiah, the Panamanian minister. It was contended by him that the commission's assumption of jurisdiction over outlying islands and harbors near Panama was in violation of the establishment of the new customs port, in the total diversion of trade from that city.

MOODY WILL TAKE UP MASSACHUSETTS CLAIM

One of the many important matters before Attorney General Moody will take up for consideration is the war claim of the State of Massachusetts against the United States.

The claimant is represented by James B. Cotton, the head of the law firm of Cotton & White, of this city. Mr. Cotton now holds a Treasury voucher for \$100,000, the amount awarded the State of Massachusetts.

Under the contract made by Governor Walcott with Mr. Cotton the latter was to receive a commission of about \$100,000. Attorney General Parker, of Massachusetts, who has been at the matter for some time, has sent to Washington a brief protesting against the claim.

COMMUTERS MAY OFFER PLANS FOR STATION

The Alexandria and Washington Commuters' Protective Association has requested the District Commissioners' permission to examine and submit suggestions on the plans for the new station of the Washington, Alexandria and Mount Vernon Railway Company, before the Commissioners finally approve such plans.

Acting Engineer Commissioner Harding has informed the Commissioners that the writer be informed that the association may submit at once any suggestions which it may see fit to offer concerning the construction of the station, which is to be located near the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Twelfth Street northward.

MORTON'S CRUISE WAS POSTPONED

Party Will Gather Here on August 11.

MR. TAFT AT THE HIGHLANDS

Senator and Mrs. Fairbanks Give Up Cottage at Mackinac and Return to Indianapolis.

The cruise of inspection planned by Secretary of the Navy Morton for August 4, and upon which Mrs. Morton and a party of guests were to accompany him, has been postponed until August 11.

Mrs. Morton, who is now at her home in Chicago, will come to Washington about that time, accompanied by her daughter, and probably Miss Cannon, daughter of the Speaker, who will be one of the cruising party.

Other guests of the Secretary and Mrs. Morton will be Speaker Cannon and Attorney General Moody, with perhaps a few other guests added to the party later on.

The Dolphin will start from the navy yard at Washington and stop at Newport, made at Fort Monroe. Upon her return from the cruise, Mrs. Morton will decide upon her home for next winter—a large social factor in the social life of Washington, where new Cabinet hostesses with a reputation for hospitality are pleasant anticipations.

Secretary of War Taft has taken temporary apartments at the Highlands, and upon his arrival here today will go at once to that place.

Senator and Mrs. Fairbanks, who, with their family, have been occupying a cottage at Mackinac, Mich., for two weeks past, have returned to Indianapolis.

WASHINGTONIANS LEAVE THE CITY

Mr. and Mrs. H. Clay Stewart sailed for Europe last Saturday and will spend the month of August abroad.

Craig Wadsworth, third secretary of the embassy at London, will arrive this week from Europe and after visiting Washington for a brief stay will go to Newport for the rest of the season. Mr. Wadsworth received his appointment two years ago, and this is his first visit to his home since then.

Miss Josephine D. Abbill, of 315 C Street southeast, has gone to Ohio, where she will spend her vacation with her sister, Mrs. E. H. Fendall, Euclid Avenue, Cleveland.

Dr. W. L. Masterson, of Stoneleigh Court, has gone for several weeks' vacation to the coast of Maine.

The Rev. Thomas Chalmers Easton, D. D., and family left the city yesterday for their summer outing. They will spend most of the month of August at Front Royal, Va. The pulpit of the Eastern Church during the doctor's absence will be supplied by the Rev. James M. Nourse, D. D., of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Plisk, who have been visiting friends on Long Island, left today on an extended trip to New England.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Cochran, of this city, have engaged quarters at the Buena Vista Hotel, Belmont, N. J., for a two weeks' stay.

PEACHES DIFFER FROM LEAD PIPE

Judge Cochran's Decision Has No Bearing on Appropriation of Orchard Products.

WILMINGTON, Del., Aug. 2.—The decision of Judge Cochran that stripping a house of lead pipe and carrying it away does not constitute larceny, started lawyers examining whether peach growers and truckers could be indiscriminately robbed of their produce while in the field.

A special statute having precedence over the common law was found which provides a penalty of fine and two months' imprisonment for persons who damage fences, trees, and growing crops on a farm without the consent of the owner.

THOUSANDS THROUGH THE FUNERAL OF A NEGRO

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Aug. 2.—One of the largest audiences ever assembled in Nashville to witness a funeral attended services yesterday afternoon at the Gospel Tabernacle over the body of Robert S. Settles, a negro.

Six thousand negroes were present and in addition many members and the rector of Christ Episcopal Church, one of the most fashionable congregations in the city. A quartet from the church sang during the services.

Settles was for more than twenty years sexton of the church and was held in respect and esteem by the members. He was also captain of an unattached negro company of the National Guards, and at the funeral Adjutant General Hannah was among the whites present.

PRIEST AVERTS PANIC IN BURNING CHURCH

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Aug. 2.—The Rev. Father Joseph Meyer, pastor of St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church, discovered at mass that the church was burning, and hastening down the aisle with his hands upraised as if to pronounce the benediction, told 400 of his parishioners to retire quietly.

"They obeyed, and a panic was averted."

"WHEN HONEYMOONS END." The late Mrs. John Ridgway, of Paris, a cousin of Dr. T. E. Ridgway, of this city, was noted for her ready wit, as well as beauty.

At one of her receptions, apropos of marriage, Guy de Maupassant, the great French writer, said: "The honeymoon ends when the wife first asks her husband for money."

"No," Mrs. Ridgway retorted, "it ends when the husband ceases to ask the wife how much he can have the pleasure of giving her?"

LITTLE STORIES OF WASHINGTON LIFE

A MAN-EATING LION
(The Explorer's Story.)

"This is the worst, the very worst town for lions that ever was!" declared pretty Mrs. Cabanis, dropping down in an nearly an attitude of despair as a Mission arm-chair allows one to assume. The very ruffles of her creamy linen gown were limp, but that may have been due not so much to emotion as to a fashionable lack of starch.

"You haven't been trying to trade with the Zoo?" lastly queried Yale Fox. "Have they had an epidemic of measles or whooping cough out there and killed off the beasts?"

"You know what I mean?" Mrs. Cabanis frowned prettily because she did everything in that way. She was really too cross to think of effects. "Here I've been hunting the town over to find people who are interested in science to come to the reception we're going to give Professor Pimpernel—the one who wrote that book on the Arctic regions—and not one in ten will know whether he's an Arctic explorer or a health food agent."

"No; our set isn't exactly scientific, that's true," admitted the clubman. "But I know a little more than that myself. Pimpernel—why, wasn't he the man who was suspected of having indulged in—er—cannibalism? From necessity, of course. I do read the papers."

Mrs. Cabanis gave a little shriek. "Oh, for goodness' sake, don't mention that to anybody! He must be awfully sensitive on that subject. I should die if he found we'd heard of it!"

"I should be sensitive myself, I think, under the circumstances," said Yale Fox gravely. "As Shakespeare says, however, 'We know what we are, but we know not what we may be.'"

There is no telling what may happen if the price of beef continues to soar. But it wasn't proved anyway, was it?"

"Oo-oh! The idea! Do you suppose I'd give a reception to—"

"The King of the Cannibal Islands?" cut in Yale Fox. "Well, that's actually been done in Washington within my memory—or, no, it was the Queen, wasn't it?—and I don't know that we've a right to be particular. But what do you expect to do with your tame lion?"

"Don't be provoking. I shall treat him like any other guest, of course."

"Then why not invite a lot of ordinary people and discuss ordinary subjects? Do you suppose the man wants to talk shop all the time?"

"I shouldn't want him to talk shop—you shouldn't use slang, it's growing on you. But I should like him to meet people who would understand what he meant if I—well, if I happened to draw him out."

My dear little woman, you mean that you want to punch your lion with a sharp stick if he doesn't roar properly when he comes to be fed, and you want a gaping crowd around to see you do it. You'll never get one—not here. Remember, we've got some of the first scientists in America right here in our midst, and I should not want if the New York Sun could hear me, and any one of them, or all of them together, could walk down F Street any day at four o'clock, and unless they did it on all fours, nobody would bat an eye. The streets are so wide and the lanes are so narrow that popular interest fizzles out in one and never gets into the other. Don't bother with lions. Content yourself with bestowing your sweetness on ordinary people—like me."

"I can't help this reception," sighed Mrs. Cabanis, chin in hand, studying her fan. "It's Tom's affair. Professor Pimpernel was teacher of geology at college when Tom was here, and you know what a crank Tom is about rocks."

"Who's using slang now?"

"And so when he met the professor nothing would do but to give him a reception. I've asked a hundred and twenty people, and I told them all who he was and what he'd done, and I'm tired to death."

"Did you tell them what he was suspected of having done?"

"You horrid thing! Of course not. I wanted them to come to the reception."

"That was the way to get them to come. If you'd told them he really was—you know—they'd have been rooting on the fence and forming in line clear out to the corner. I know human nature."

The evening of the reception came in due time. So did most of the invited ones. The Cabanis house was a pretty gray stone affair out Columbia Heights way, and the guests occupied the time while traveling there in trying to recall what they had studied about geology, meteorology, atmospheric phenomena and the Arctic regions when they were at school. As Professor Pimpernel's book was an elaborate work selling for \$10.50, few of them had seen it. Two had looked it up at the library and the others had got a glimpse of Tom Cabanis's presentation copy. Yale Fox was not one of these. He said that if he put a chance he should find out what the Professor thought of the future of the Washington base-ball team.

But there was one part of the Professor's story with which all the guests were acquainted, because it had been in the papers, and each new-comer stole a furtive glance at the Professor to see what he was like. He was a small, anxious-looking man, with grayish hair and a deeply-lined face, and appeared just what he was—a scientific expert a little out of place. Mrs. Cabanis, in her white lace and violets, looked beside him like a painted silk fan beside a compound microscope. Tom Cabanis, stout, well-groomed and jovial, moved about inspiring everybody with his own jollity, and soon everybody was having good time—except the Professor and the person who happened to be talking to him. It is hard to converse in trisyllables unless you are used to it.

"Poor old chap," thought Yale Fox, edging his way through the crowd, "he looks like a cat in a strange street—a Malesse cat. I'll see if something can be done for his case."

A large lady in black satin was lecturing the Professor on scientific vegetarianism.

"But, of course, Professor," she was saying, "it would be impossible to be strictly vegetarian in the Arctic regions, and I have no doubt that the stunted stature and debased condition of the natives, who, I am told, live exclusively on whale oil and blubber, are caused by this. And the explorer, too, is so often reduced to—"

"Oh, my Aunt!" gasped Yale Fox. Just then supper was announced, and the Professor begged his interviewer to have a plate of chicken—no, potato salad. She had already proclaimed her emancipation from tea and coffee, and potato salad was the only article he could think of at the moment that was sure to be vegetable in character.

The serving of supper started everybody's thoughts along the same track again, and there were awkward little gaps in the conversation. It is dangerous to set a roomful of people thinking of one thing which must not be mentioned aloud. In one of these pauses was heard a little stir of welcome, and in came a handsome man and a graceful, low-voiced woman, and a bright-eyed child.

"Oh, Captain Gilbert! And Mrs. Gilbert, and Margie!" cried Mrs. Cabanis. "How lovely of you to come! I had quite given you up!"

"Disgracefully late for Peggy to be up," laughed the captain, "but we'd nowhere to leave her. We're only in town for the day, and take the midnight train."

"And you must meet Professor Pimpernel," said Mrs. Cabanis joyously, "because you spent that winter in Halifax."

"Not quite the same, is it?" said the captain with his jolly laugh. "But I've often heard of the Professor, and I'll be delighted to meet him."

Through a little lane of people the newly arrived trio were led to the guest of honor, who, under the magnetism of the captain's personality, became quite loqu